

RITA JOLIVET HERE WITH A MESSAGE TO OUR NATION

Film Actress Who Was on the Lusitania Also on Her Honeymoon With the Count de Cippico, After a Romantic Courtship Abroad

By JANE DIXON.

SOME women are successful in business. Others are successful in love. But it seldom happens that success strikes twice in the same place. It is as if the Eternal Balance put on the brakes now and then just to show us we are not infallible.

Now and then Old Man Eternal Balance gets prodigal and spills his gifts regardless. This is exactly what happened when a charming French girl—French—allegedly allied with English—happened to be standing in his way. He gave her beauty and wit, and then, just as if that were not enough to make any normal girl happy, he sent along a real, bona fide, cross my heart hope to die count to complete his gifts.

And the extraordinary way in which Count de Cippico put over the girl, it was just like something slipped from a story by Robert Chambers, romantic, picturesque, thrilling.

Miss Rita Jolivet is the name of the girl. Or, rather, her name is not Rita Jolivet any more except for the purpose of this stage. At the ship times she is the Countess de Cippico, residence Naples, citizenship Italian.

The Count de Cippico of London, Paris and Naples is an extremely handsome fellow. He is not one of those clever soldiers of fortune who pick out their titles coming over on the ship and then spring them shock fashion on glib American girls. He is an Italian nobleman with a nice old moth eaten castle and everything that goes with the set. Also he is a business man. He has money and he makes more. He is one of his ilk who find it infinitely easier to make money than to marry it.

The first chapter of the Count's romance with the beautiful young French-English-Welsh girl is so prosaic the publisher would never give it a second thought were it not for the pop injected immediately thereafter.

The Love Chase.

They met at a dinner given by a common friend in Paris. Miss Jolivet of the shining black hair and sparkling black eyes was a favorite Continental. The Count de Cippico, just barging about a bit. He begged Rita for permission to call. She shrugged her shoulders in true heroine fashion and remarked she would be delighted, but she was leaving the next day for a month's rest. A couple more or less meant nothing in her life.

Two weeks later, in an obscure village in Brittany where Miss Jolivet was resting, the horizon of her quietude was obscured by the appearance of brand new satellite in the person of Count de Cippico. If he wanted to play hide and seek with her, Rita was willing. That night she

slipped away, leaving no clue along the trail.

"If he had not been born a Count, he would make a bully good detective," laughs Miss Jolivet, reminiscently.

And no wonder. Two days after her rubber heeled exit from Brittany the Count overtook her on the Riviera. She bolted to Monte Carlo. He was hot on her heels. She decided to go at once to Nice to fill an engagement. He found his business would go to smash completely unless he appeared in Nice forthwith.

Right here is where the Count hit upon a really keen idea. He knew Miss Jolivet was an artist of high ideals, a loyal lover of the artistic.

She had voiced an ardent admiration for the poems of D'Annunzio. He had acquired some time before an interest in the Ambrosia Film Company. What could be simpler than to offer his immorality a staggering salary to help him transfer the immortal poetry of the great Italian to the screen? Art and money combined would be sure to win her over. They did.

Of course the Count had to be on hand most of the time to see that the wheels of the picture machinery were well greased. What more natural than that he should talk it over with the star? And what more natural than that he found himself less and less able to confine his talk to the work

of the studio when Miss Rita's merry eyes reminded him the world is good and youth is lovely springtime?

The Count was all ready to declare Miss Rita in on his castle and beg her to fly with him to Naples, where beneath the swaying branches of the spaghetti trees he could woo her in true Romeo fashion. Cupid came another conqueror. The girl in the case was called to London by the illness of her sister. On her way across the Channel she met an old friend, Oliver Morosco, and promised that if she ever came to America she would do a picture for him.

Arrived at her home in London she found a messenger boy on peg post

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SQUIRE TWOMBLEY'S UNDOING DUE TO GREED

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

SOME of the Good Book it says what a man that's borned of a woman is of few days an' dies up like sparks," said old man Greenlaw thoughtfully, as he took a cigar from his pocket and began eating one end of it before lighting the other.

There were four other persons in the old man's little saloon in Arkansas City at the time and to them it seemed almost inexpressible that he should break the silence that had obtained there for a long time in the way that he did. It was not so much that he had uttered the few words recorded above, though they would gladly have dispensed with even those few, but they realized from past experience that so soon as he had got his cigar well alight and had settled himself in his favorite chair by the window with his feet on the window sill he would continue to babble indefinitely, and they felt that they could hardly endure the infliction.

"Can't they be nothin' did to shake him off afo' he gits tellin' one o' them stories o' hisn?" asked Sam Pearsall, sotto voce. Mr. Pearsall was plainly nervous.

"Oh, let him rave," said Jake Winterbottom in the same undertone. "He ought as well to let him rave as to do it into the funny house."

"I dunno 'bout that," said Jim Blaisdell gloomily. "If he was to go that by his lonesome I wouldn't givadam, but we us all on us liable fo' to get up with him if it's one o' them poker stories."

But even as they commenced with one another thus they realized the futility of any measure they might take, short of a general rough house, to interrupt the old man's output of speech, and settling back in their seats, they prepared themselves for the worst.

Meantime, if the old man knew of their perturbation he gave no sign. Absorbed in his own line of thought he waited only until he had his cigar burning to his satisfaction. Then he set his vocal chords going again.

"I always had my own ideas 'bout that," he said, with the air of one who cares not to hear argument. "Some on 'em has few days an' some on 'em has a helluva lot mo' in 'em 'pears to me. If they was to fly upards mo' 'n likely they'd git lost in the shuffle, bein' they ain't no place 'vided fo' 'em outside the realms o' Beisubub."

"But that ain't neither havy nor thar. Don't make no difference to nobody which way they goes, only to their ownself. 'Pint is what use they make o' them few days what they has, even if they ain't only a few on 'em."

with hogwash what no 'telligent man wants to read about, like love an' the beauties o' natur' an' patriam an' sich."

"Poetry's got a helluva lot to do with it," exclaimed Joe Bassett, profoundly disgusted.

"Poetry's got a helluva lot to do with it," said the old man with much dignity. "Trouble is what they don't nobody 'pear to git a holt o' nothin' 'mportant to write about, like I done said."

"I don't make no question but what yo' all 'd do a heap better 'n any on 'em if yo' was to try," said Jim Blaisdell with a sarcastic inflection which the old man entirely failed to recognize. "But what 'd yo' think o' writin' about what ain't been did afo'?" he continued, winking at Winterbottom, who took no notice, being evidently even more disgusted than Bassett by the revolting triviality of the talk.

"Draw poker," said the old man with no hesitation whatever. "That's a subject what hadn't never been wrote in poetry's fur 's I knows. I reckon probly the reason is what they ain't nobody qualified to treat it adequate, not 'thouten I s'd tackle it my ownself."

"I reckon 'pays I might do it, only if they's a pone wrote about draw poker it 'd ought fo' to be a reg'lar epic, an' I'd ought fo' to begin it afo' I got along in years like I be now. I been thinkin' about it though, an' they's a good chanse fo' somebody to g'ive remembrance writin'."

"Draw poker 'pears to typify nigh 'bout everythin' they is in life what's worth payin' 'tention to. Take that very text in the Good Book what I done mentioned just now. A man's days ain't nothin' but chips fo' to set into the game with, whether he's got money on 'em or only a few. 'Depends on how he bets whether he gits the best o' the game or goes broke afo' the finish."

"How many days would yo' all reckon a man 'd ought fo' to bet onto a straight flush?" asked Mr. Blaisdell sneeringly. It was evident that none of the old man's hearers was taking him seriously, but it was also clear that he himself was very much in earnest.

"Th' ain't no use gittin' wrybald," he said sternly. "Poetry's made up o' allegories an' parables, an' he's to be took paragonical, 'r else they can't nobody make head nor tail onto it. Usin' days fo' chips is a figger o' speech an' it goes in poetry even if it don't work out satisfactory into a sho' 'nough game."

"Even Squire Twombley knowed that much, an' he wa'n't distinguished fo' no gre't wisdom outside poker. He was a reg'lar 'gun at that, bein' quicker with a gun 'n anybody else in Greenville!" exclaimed Mr. Pearsall, and he went out into the night. Mr. Pearsall could not abide the mention of Mrs. Pearsall's birthplace.

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"Never has life been held so cheap as it is to-day. The floor of the world is red with the blood of heroes, and still other heroes wade through it to carry the standards of honor and uprightness and equality on to victory."

"Heroes everywhere are said with fear or bowed in sorrow. What a balm those words must be to them: 'Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life.' Nowhere in the English language is there so much of faith and trust concentrated in so few words."

"I wish every one could know the conditions existing at the time of their utterance. We were standing, four of us, awaiting the end. We sensed it coming nearer, nearer."

"Instinctively we caught hold of each other's hands, Mr. Frohman, my brother-in-law and a Mr. Scott, an Englishman who had just taken off his life belt and put it around a pair of buttoned shoes from my feet."

"As Mr. Frohman finished the immortal message a gigantic wave of water and human bodies swept us off our feet and out into the sea. Of course our hands were torn apart. The force of the water was so great it tore a pair of buttoned shoes from my feet."

"I had made up my mind to die and was quite calm under the water. The thought of God came to me—how at a time like this He was every one's God, a living, warm, all pervading Presence guiding the innocent through the tortuous depths, freeing their bodies and hearts from all fear and pain. He was the God of the Jew and gentle alike, of the rich man and the poor man, the saint and the sinner, the woman in the steerage and the lady in the suite de luxe. The petty bickerings of creed and doctrine seemed so foolish, so futile, before the sublime truth that God is God."

"I was distinctly surprised when the water above me began to clear and I realized I was coming to the surface. I was one of perhaps thirty persons who clung to an upturned lifeboat. The boat had been overcrowded and had upset. It was lying in the water and had completely turned turtle."

"As other persons came to the surface they too made for the boat and clung on. It sank lower. Another weight added to its burden and we would all be lost. Yet who could stop to think of human beings' desperate clutch for life?"

"For the first time I was seized by panic. These on the ship I had not been afraid. The magnificent heroism of the men showed me the way, made me strong. I had made up my mind to die. I had been strangely, unbelievably, miraculously saved. It was the thought of having to go through it all over again that broke down my morale."

"At the very moment that the final hand reached out to grasp after life a life raft adrift was washed beneath the ship and caught there. It was this raft that buoyed us up, helped carry the weight until help arrived."

"During the three and a half hours we clung to that overturned boat there were two cries of rescue ships coming. Both were given shortly after the ship went down. Once one of these boats was very close to us. Just as we thought our Gethsemane was over the boat disappeared from the surface of the sea. Then we knew it was a submarine, that it had submerged."

"Miss Jolivet's Mission."

"When the rescue ship finally arrived and we landed in Ireland my first thought was to go and cable Daniell Frohman those words that had been ringing in my mind through all that eternity in the water. I did not know whether Mr. Frohman had been

saved or not. Everything was in such chaos I decided to wait. All three of the men who joined hands on the deck were lost. I was the only one of the party saved."

"That is why I feel my mission was to save one, to carry that message back to humanity—'Death is the most beautiful adventure in life.' Many times I talked it over with the Count, my husband. He agreed with me."

"Then we married and came to the States on our honeymoon. Here we found the fires of patriotism lighted and burning brightly, as they were on the other side in our own countries. It occurred to us we might do our bit to keep the fires on the altars dead, to give new inspiration to the mothers and fathers and wives and sweethearts who must give of their own to wipe out forever such crimes against humanity as the sinking of the Lusitania."

"Also there was the message. Where better could it be flashed forth to the uttermost ends of the earth than on the screen? Make it the inspiration of a silent drama, so that every crossroads schoolboy, every far away farmer, every village girl and every small town woman could read and know and live it."

"This is how the moving drama of the Lusitania, the events that led up to it, the world smashing blows that followed it, happened to be played. The picture is called 'Let Us Forget.' The title sums up the reason for its existence."

"I hope those who see it will never forget, at least not until we have wiped out all possibilities for such catastrophes in the future and have made God's unspayed waters of the sea a pleasant and peaceful highway."

How They Made the Film.

The Count de Cippico has been his wife's tireless ally during the production of the picture. Morally, financially and physically he has backed her to the limit of his powers. He it was who told something of the bigness of the undertaking. Seven months of intensive work has been put into the play.

Something more than 15,000 feet of film has been photographed. From this only the cream is clipped, the present version requiring a total of but 6,000 feet. To give an idea of the constructive features and the waste a French village was reproduced in entirety. The houses, buildings and so on were built of stone and concrete, and when the village was shelled by the enemy the correct effect would be produced. The partly destroyed village is still standing in Bronville, where the picture was produced.

"I have heard it murmured that I am profiting by a great national disaster," sighed the Countess de Cippico. "But why should they? There are always scoundrels ready to tear down a good work."

"And I feel in my heart that 'Let Us Forget' is a good work. There are others, patriotic Americans, who are doing things, and I know they are doing them. I know they are doing them. The Government loaned us 5,000 francs American Sammies to help the work along."

"These Sammies appear in the battle scenes and in the trench pictures. The Government also gave us access to some of its biggest boats of war. We must not forget the disaster. If the Government officials had thought we were simply profiteers they would never have done that, would they?"

"If a visit to the Lyric Theatre, where 'Let Us Forget' is being shown, inspires one more sturdy American arm to carry a gun in defence of right, or cheers one more American mother heart, heavy with its fear of loss, I shall consider the work shall not have been in vain."

Rita Jolivet.

of the studio when Miss Rita's merry eyes reminded him the world is good and youth is lovely springtime?

The Count was all ready to declare Miss Rita in on his castle and beg her to fly with him to Naples, where beneath the swaying branches of the spaghetti trees he could woo her in true Romeo fashion. Cupid came another conqueror. The girl in the case was called to London by the illness of her sister. On her way across the Channel she met an old friend, Oliver Mor